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Editorial

The June number of INTER NOS marks the fourth issue for students whose subscription dates from September 1951. Seniors who are interested in the publication may send a request for renewal before September 15, and insure their being included in our subscribers' list. We hope for an occasional contribution of an article or a bit of Alumnae news from members of this graduating class.

We are happy to use INTER NOS as a medium for expressing to the class of '52 the appreciation and gratitude of the President, Faculty and Student Body, for the spirit of loyal cooperation and constructive leadership that its members have consistently evidenced, and which will leave its impress on succeeding classes. May it also carry forward in the vital task of furthering the interests and the growth of the Mount by contacting prospective college students, and acquainting them with what Mount Saint Mary's has to offer.

Unselfish cooperation of our Alumnae with their several pastors in parish work and interests, is a duty for each member, and the results are

dual; some of the pastors' burdens will be lightened and Mount Saint Mary's will become better known and appreciated because of the character of its Alumnae.

The scholastic year comes to a close on the threshold of the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Our Lord has promised much to those who honor Him by practicing and promoting this devotion. Let us celebrate the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 20, with fervour and gratitude for our great privilege of freedom of religious worship. Let us show our gratitude practically by sacrifice and prayer of reparation for the blasphemies of the godless, and by begging His strengthening grace for His persecuted members, who are struggling to keep faith with Him. To our Guild members and friends, to our Alumnae and to all our students at the close of this scholastic year INTER NOS says "May you have a good and happy vacation."

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

"SIMPLE HANDS"

By Deen Ibbetson

*Along the weary road you went,
Oh gentle heart in work well spent.*

*You led along the little mule,
Oh gentle hand of wood and tool.*

*Into the night so far and deep,
You searched for light and place to sleep.*

*And then was born the infant Son,
The newborn Christ and Holy One.*

*Then your hands though tired and worn,
Worked hard to keep your family warm.*

*And as He grew, your little boy,
He daily came your source of joy.*

*He waits and watches Joseph's hands,
As Joseph always guiding stands.*

*Thus when the light of life grew faint,
God rest the hands of Joseph, Saint.*

Catholic Philosophy of Life in Relation To the Social Sciences*

By Bernard Bierman, J.U.D.

The Bulletin of Mount Saint Mary's College states that among the aims of the college are: "... Intellectually . . . to develop in its students a sense of social responsibility . . . a deep and abiding respect for authority . . . and for the democratic principles upon which this government was founded."

I am supposed to sketch briefly whether and in how far the study of the social sciences, as we teach them, fosters these aims. My task is easy. I shall not nor indeed can I tell you anything new: the theme constitutes our spiritual climate; it is the very intellectual and moral air we breathe; it is the habits that have thus modified our nervous system that we live by them and they in turn pull us through in a crisis. The latter fact, incidentally, is *the* test of any view of life.

This is what we teach:

1. SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

This is another name for solidarity. Solidarity (fr. Lat. *solidus* = solid, massive, dense) is a strictly legal concept of Roman Law and means the same as the "joint and several responsibility" of the Common Law. It is the very essence of partnership, a contract in which all partners shall contribute in some way to the common cause and where each shall have the power to bind the others. The question is then: in how far are we, human beings, partners?

Humanity is an organism of the moral order. An organism is a whole composed out of parts, the latter being composed out of minor parts, and so on. The division in subordinated and coordinated parts has a functional purpose. In this respect an organism resembles a mechanism, the important difference being that an organism is alive while a mechanism is dead. Being alive, an organism follows the laws of life, i.e. the condition of one part affects the condition of another. Thus taught the great thinkers of the past, e.g. Plato (to the three powers of the soul—intellect, will, appetite—correspond naturally three classes of men; the men of wisdom must rule the state or else it will perish); Aristotle (the state is a community in well-being of families and aggregations of families, for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life); the Stoic concept of the "world city"; Augustine (the City of God vs. the City of Man); John of Salisbury, Thomas Aquinas, Dante Alighieri (all three agree that the human race forms a single community; that the distinguishing mark of human nature is its combination of a spiritual and a physi-

*Address delivered at the Conference on Liberal Education, Mount Saint Mary's College, November 27, 1951.

cal principle, requiring a dual authority)); finally, the biologicistic school in sociology, e.g. Spencer and Schaeffle, who—though materialistically—express the organic idea in great pregnancy.

Mankind comprises the living, the dead and the yet unborn. The thoughts, the acts, the omissions of men and women of the past influence our daily lives; in the same way we shall affect coming generations. At this given instant in history each one of us is, at the same time, past, present and future; descendant and ancestor. Shakespeare says:

*"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."*

This fitted cleverly in Mark Anthony's political oration, but surely did not mean to express the poet's conviction. Both the good and the evil that men do lives after them. Our good and bad actions come back to us, in the most unexpected ways, sometimes hearteningly, sometimes frighteningly—to us, our children, our dependents, our friends, our nation. Those with some experience of life know how mysteriously the law of solidarity works in this respect.

Stating the same law academically: All culture rests upon the transmission of the torch of learning "*de manu in manum*." The teacher especially is aware of this, his responsibility, when he sees the young generation in front of him.

Thus, the principle of solidarity is well known. When it suited their passions, however, men have sneeringly tried to deny this, as any other, moral law. Our first parents started it. In our days, the quarrel between Liberalism and Socialism seems to repeat the mutual recriminations of Adam and Eve after the Fall. We are now in the midst of the world revolution prepared and predicted more than 100 years ago. The traditional foundations of society are being undermined and blown up, both in the literal and figurative sense. Who is to blame?

Has not Liberalism preached the separation of all the social sciences; the divorce of economics from politics and sociology, of politics from law and morality, of art from morality and sociology, of morality from religion, etc.? Was not *the* tenet of Liberalism: "Everything is your private affair?" It was this individualistic, rationalistic, humanistic view of life that caused the atomization of society. Rightly could therefore Marx say in his Communistic Manifesto: "Socialism has not destroyed the family and private property; capitalism has done it, socialism merely finishes the job." Similarly Bebel, for long years the leader of the German socialists, addressing the Liberal block in the Reichstag "All of you, who are sitting here, have stood for these same principles."

It is true. Many of those who should be leaders of men have abandoned them. The materialistic doctrines of the 19th century have now reached the masses at the same time when some of the

greatest scientists have become spiritualists, practically denying the existence of matter, in any case challenging the predictability of its behavior. Long ago, Paul Bourget showed in "The Disciple" the criminal effect of positivist teaching on the minds of the young. In our days, Julien Benda wrote a book "The Betrayal of the Intellectuals." He had in mind the professors, the publicists, the journalists, the artists—all those who influence daily the minds and hearts of others. Are not most of our American university professors agnostics at best? Don't they look down upon one of their colleagues as upon a freak who holds to a categorical imperative for truth, justice and beauty?

2. RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

Authority is not a physical power but the moral right to command. There are only two possible explanations for the genetic origin of authority: it is either human or it is supra-human. Again, the former source has a twofold approach: individualistic or collectivistic.

a) the alleged human origin of authority. Liberalism had stated: There are no absolute principles. Morality, like everything else, is relative. The individual is a law unto himself. "It is contrary to the natural, innate and inalienable right and liberty and dignity of man to subject himself to an authority the root, rule, measure and sanction of which is not in himself." It is obvious that this position is only one step removed from anarchism. As a matter of fact, it brought the social disintegration referred to above. These doctrines were summed up in the Syllabus of Errors and condemned by Pope Pius IX in 1864.

Collectivism starts out with the same principle: morality, like everything else, is relative. But it has not its source in the individual but in the group. In the course of social evolution, certain acts came to be seen as beneficial to the life and survival of the group; such acts were called good. Other acts seemed harmful to the group; those were called bad. Thus, the terms good and bad are unchanging symbols with changing content. There are no absolutes. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States shares this belief and incorporates it in one of his recent dicta. He thereby rejects the philosophical basis of the Declaration of Independence as also the philosophical tradition of the Common Law, which since the Middle Ages has always upheld the idea of a "Fundamental Law." Forty years ago, Hilaire Belloc in "The Servile State" predicted that this road could only lead to the greatest slavery the world had ever seen. This has come true.

Thus, the two most influential philosophies of the 19th century, the historic idealism of Hegel and the historic materialism of Marx, are both evolutionary and hence reject absolutes. This explains the fact, unintelligible otherwise and a constant surprise to all who are not guided by the "philosophia perennis": the grand-

children of 19th century liberals are now communists. One is reminded of Renan: "Nous vivons d'une ombre. Nos enfants vivrons de l'ombre d'une ombre. De quoi vivra-t-on apres eux?"

b) the supra-human origin of authority. This is the 22 centuries' old doctrine of the Natural Law. Up to the rationalist, materialist, relativist 19th century, all nations, savage or civilized, had admitted a Law of Nature. This means: the rational mind perceives that the human person has duties which cannot be disregarded and hence that he has rights in order to exercise these duties. These notions were not always equally clear, wrong deductions were sometimes made, the rules often applied not to all mankind, but only to a small circle of men, but the idea existed. It is found with Jews (the Law and the Prophets); Greeks (the legal concept of "epeikeia" - equity); Romans (the legal concepts of "aequum et bonum" and "bona fides"); medieval jurisprudence (decisions in equity); Grotius ("... the laws which God Himself cannot change"); Kant ("Two things fill my mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the more often and the more steadily I reflect on them: the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me"); Blackstone ("These are the eternal immutable laws of good and evil . . . which the Creator has enabled human reason to discover, so far as they are necessary for the conduct of human actions"); Washington's Farewell Address ("... that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained"); Chancellor Kent (By the Law of Nature I understand those fit and just rules of conduct which the Creator has prescribed to man as a dependent and social being, and which are ascertained from the deductions of right reason, though they may be more precisely known and more explicitly declared by revelation").

A truly imposing testimonial, including many of the greatest legal luminaries of the West, in favor of a Supreme Law. Its present forlorn state is due to the agnosticism and atheism of the age. Its denial has brought us the totalitarian state, i.e., a sub-human society, a factory of robots.

3. RESPECT FOR DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

The word democracy can mean two things:

a)) politically: popular government; representative government; a republic; government for, through and by the people (Lincoln, Gettysburg Address);

b) sociologically: absence of classes, or—where they exist—undefined boundaries between these classes; shifting of these boundaries; easy access from one class to another; friendly feeling between these classes. Also: a certain equality between citizens, based fundamentally upon a recognition of man's unique value; hence: the as-

sumption of natural duties and rights and the protection of the latter by due process of law (Leo XIII, Christian Constitution of States).

The latter position is profoundly human. It has been taken in the heroic ages. Examples: the XII Tables, 450 B.C. (inviolability of the house "Nemo de domo sua extrahi potest"; of the land: "Quicumque hanc lapidem violaverit, sacer esto"); the medieval notion of a "Reign of Law" as stated by Bracton ("The King is not subject to men, but to God and the Law"); the medieval oath of allegiance of the Estates of the Realm to the King, best exemplified in the oath of the Estates of Aragon ("We, who are as good as you, swear to you, who are not better than we, that we will keep this contract as long as you do, but if you don't, we won't"); the Great Charter, 1215 ("No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned or disseised or outlawed or exiled or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny or delay, right or justice."); the doctrines of the schoolmen on tyranny (Aquinas: "A tyrannical government is unjust, because it fosters not the common good, but the private good of the tyrant. The real rebel, in such a case, is the tyrant"); the Dutch Declaration of Independence, 1581 ("Subjects are not created for the Prince, but the Prince for the subjects. If the Prince, instead of protecting his subjects, oppresses them, he is not a Prince but a tyrant, and in such a case . . . he may be abjured"); the Habeas Corpus Act, 1679 (the most famous form of the writ is the "habeas corpus ad faciendum, sumjiciendum et recipiendum"); the Bill of Rights, 1689 ("That the pretended power of suspending of laws, or the execution of laws, by regal authority, without consent of Parliament, is illegal"); the American Declaration of Independence, 1774 ("We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"); the Declaration of the Rights of man and the Citizen, 1791 ("Men are born free and with equal rights: free and equal they remain"); the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as passed and proclaimed by the General Assembly of the United Nations, 1948 ("All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act toward each other in a spirit of brotherhood").

An unbroken line of tradition is clearly visible in the above statements. The preservation of this continuity is a heritage from the Christian middle Ages. Wherever this heritage was cherished, we find the very law books of each nation reminding lawyers and administrators alike of the medieval idea of the supremacy of law in the state. Picturesquely, this continuity is sketched in the words of Sir Edward Coke, protagonist of the Common Law of England against Stuart absolutism: "Let us now peruse our ancient documents, for out of the old fields must come the new corn."

Whenever a distrust of democracy has arisen, it has been due to the secularist-revolutionary interpretation given to it. Although Catholics are found for and against the formal democracy of modern times, no one in the Christian tradition can give up the sociological connotation as given above. Besides, the American temper is wholly for the political interpretation also. Prominent American Catholics have voiced this unmistakably, when the dispute ran high around the turn of the century, witness Fr. Hecker, Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, a. o.

INTOLERANCE

By Sally Snow

*The tree stands incased in a glass dome;
Its boughs push against the glass in a frenzy of escape,
And then fall back, the new green wood shattered.
The dome is cruel in its indifference to growth,
But crueler still in its transparency;
For outside the glass wall there is freedom,
There, other trees, their limbs straight and whole and proud,
Stare unmoved at the crippled tree
And the unyielding guard that keeps it in its place.
Sometimes a branch creeps under the dome's edge
Only to be tormented and scarred by the tall free trees.
But still with unending effort, the prisoner tree
Forces its branches against the sheer hard glass,
Hoping that, someday, the dome will break.*

The Confessions of St. Augustine—A Study

By Sister Margaret Mary, S. N. D.

In book nine of the *Confessions* St. Augustine speaks of his mother thus: ". . . my mother also was with us, a woman in sex, with the faith of a man, with the serenity of great age, the love of a mother, the piety of a Christian." For the greater humiliation of one who was to become a figure paramount in the history of the early Church, God permitted that the prayers and tears of the mother should merit for Augustine the grace of Faith, rather than that he should arrive at eternal truth by the sheer force of his own intellect. Monica treated her son during the period of his waywardness as one dead, but never ceased to implore God to raise him up as He had restored the son of the Widow of Naim.

The struggles and temptation of Augustine as revealed to his God in the *Confessions* find their counterparts in the lives of millions of moderns who seek truth in false philosophies and materialistic pursuits. If we are to believe what he tells us of himself, sensuality was the least of his defects; in his youth he seemed almost to conceive a malicious love of sin for its own sake. Pride and excessive ambition were the twin weights which bore him down into the depths of degradation. Thus blinded, all his attempts to seek true wisdom resulted only in exhaustion, disillusionment and the bitterest emptiness. He learned from experience the truth that he has so beautifully expressed in the words, ". . . for Thou has made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." Yet, as we have pointed out, it was not his superior intellectual gifts which raised him above his weakness to this supreme knowledge, but the prayers of another. In this statement there is a profound lesson for our modern world so fertile in intellects going astray. It imposes upon those who have the Christian faith and piety of which Augustine spoke, an obligation in conscience to pray for the enlightenment of modern pagans.

The *Confessions*, apart from their philosophical implications are matchless literature. Mr. Sheed's excellent translation seems to have preserved the elegant yet simple phraseology one would expect from the mind of an orator and a Christian. The saint speaks to God with the intimacy of a friend, yet with the reverence of a creature who sees his weakness and past sinfulness and realizes all too clearly, "Late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so ancient and so new." He passes from converse of sublime nature with God to tell of the homelier circumstances of his life, his friendships and amusements, his studies and their results, his toothaches and vacation days, his personal estimates of important teachers and orators of the day, the circumstances of his mother's life and his shame at his tears when she died, his conversion and its effect on himself and others.

There are innumerable passages which would bear special comment in the *Confessions*. The remarks that follow are brief comments on matters which particularly attracted my attention, or which have importance especially from a philosophical point of view:

In the eleventh book the saint explains why he wrote the *Confessions*. It was not, as he said, that God did not already know his sinfulness, but that he (Augustine) would excite himself to love for God by this recital, and inflame with love the hearts of others who read of the mercies of God as seen operating in his life.

Being capable of declaring after his conversion, "It is with no doubtful knowledge, Lord, but with utter certainty that I love You," he could analyze the blindness of those who were still involved in the confusion of heresy and error. What he said of the false philosophers of his own day well applies to those of our age. Man by using his reason can proceed from things seen to the invisible things of God; but because man becomes enamoured of material things he makes himself subject to them. Under these circumstances material things refuse to answer man's questions concerning eternal truth, for man has lost the power to judge them rightly, and is in the position of a slave.

St. Augustine dwells at great length in the latter part of his book on the proper use of the pleasures of the senses. In this connection he discusses the fitness of church music, clearly distinguishing between the joy one takes in the singing for itself and in the words being uttered for the glory of God. The implication is the same regarding the pleasures of the eye; liturgical decoration is not employed only to incite the faithful to prayerfulness, but first and foremost to embellish the habitation of God upon earth. How often today in the controversies over the fitness of decoration in certain modern churches has the primary function of the church building been fully realized? Maritain in analyzing St. Thomas' concept of beauty has warned against this very thing, art for art's sake, not art for God's sake.

We will not understand Augustine's later philosophic writings unless we are familiar with the errors into which he fell before his conversion. He had studied Greek and Latin authors in a critical fashion from his youth, and was well acquainted with Plato, but not with Aristotle. Doubtless his later writings, as Glenn remarks, would not have contained the platonic errors that it had if Augustine had also studied Aristotle. As a youth the saint had taken up the complicated Manichean belief of Manes of Baylonia (215) which had for its basic belief the idea of two Principles, one Good and one Evil—God and Satan. Man was an emanation from God produced to fight Satan, but Satan conquered man and devoured him. Man is always striving to return to the kingdom of light, that is, to rid himself of the darkness. The aeons of light and the demons of darkness wage a constant war over the possession of man. The

ethical tenets of this philosophy are dangerous. Man is not responsible for the evil in him and hence he does not have an entirely free will; however, if he tries to purify himself by not using material things to excess, especially by abstaining from sexual pleasure, he will at death go to the kingdom of light.

The morality of the Manicheans was especially welcome to Augustine, bound as he was by his passions, but his penetrating intellect could not find satisfaction in the theology of the Manicheans. His encounters with Faustus, one of the foremost Manicheans of the day convinced him more clearly than before of the fallacies of these beliefs. He lapsed into a kind of agnosticism, until moved by Ambrose's discourses (which he attended in the beginning only because of the latter's reputation as an orator), he came to view the Scriptures and the teachings concerning the God-man, Jesus Christ, in a new light. What had before seemed to him childish mouthings in the Scriptures compared with the splendors of Cicero's orations, now he recognized as profound, the subtleties of the Scriptures often clearer to the simple minds of the uneducated than to proud men of letters. How God could be contained in the human form of Christ he could now comprehend more clearly as he sought beyond material forms for spiritual realities. He realized the inferiority of the Manichean concept of God whose kingdom was corruptible; he came finally to discover that evil was not something but that it was nothingness.

The final books of the *Confessions* deal with Augustine's interpretation of Genesis, the meaning of time, the Blessed Trinity, the likeness of the formation of the Church to the creation of the universe. St. Augustine describes the futility of seeking knowledge of the exact nature of the Trinity, but by way of feeble comparison he describes three things in man—existence, knowledge and will—each distinct, yet inseparable, all three making up the essence of man.

St. Augustine's story proves the power of God's grace in transforming human weakness into spiritual potency. The saint could further point the way to true wisdom for today's intellectuals if they would heed him, for he had the enlightened wisdom of one who was humble enough to know his own limitations. Augustine's contributions to Catholic thought in the West is of tremendous value; and he justly holds the honored position as one of the most renowned of the early Fathers of the Church.

"Son of a Double Race"

By Patricia Ching

The child was handsome. There was in him that curious mixture of East and West that I had seen many times before among the faces of my own people. It was there in his eyes, hazel and slanting unexpectedly; in his hair which couldn't seem to decide between the black of his mother's or the light brown of his father's; in the high cheek bones and pale skin; in the small nose, free from the accursed flatness of the Chinese.

This then, was the little bit of humanity that had plucked me from the placid status of a sister-in-law, and had thrown me into that cooing, silly role of doting aunt. But it was an experience I enjoyed. Then, even as I played with him, little Keith's face blurred, and I seemed to lose myself in the memories of less happy days. Five years haven't brought forgetfulness, I thought, but they have lessened the bitterness considerably. And one by one, the events that led to this final, happy climax of Keith's very being, came clearly to me.

It all began in 1946. I was in California, a sophomore in college. December 2 was a gloomy day, I remember, and the letter I received from home didn't help the weather any. It contained a check for five hundred dollars and explicit orders that I go to Pennsylvania for Christmas and try to talk my older sister out of marrying a Caucasian, or as we islanders colloquially express it, a "haole." I didn't relish the idea for two reasons; first, I had already made plans for Christmas vacation; and secondly, I was of that belief and generation of young Hawaiians who can see nothing more wonderful than the happy blend of races through intermarriage.

But although Mei Ling had written me about her Steve Ranier, I had not heard that they had written home for permission to marry. I missed my only sister, and was curious to see this boy for whose love she had given up college and the possibility of a career. And while I do not share the ancient but very real bias of my parents on mixed marriages, I was not unaware of the many obstacles such a marriage would bring. I would tell my sister what she already knew; that people here would stare; that those back home would talk; that mother and father would find her choice difficult to understand and maybe to forgive. Then, there was the case of a mutual friend, Chinese, who had married a Chinese-Korean boy. Difficulties existed in that marriage—difficulties wrought by differences in traditions, although they loved each other very much. If these existed in the marriage of two Orientals, I reasoned, how much stronger would they be in the union that my sister desired?

And finally, I would remind her of Goo Jai, my father's younger

sister, whose marriage to a Caucasian had ended in misery and unhappiness, and whose case, I had no doubt, was a big factor in explaining my parents' stand on such marriages, backed up by upbringing in Chinese customs and ideals.

So, very obediently, I sent home to headquarters, a "will-do," and made preparations for my trip to Pennsylvania.

"Hi, stupid," was the unemotional greeting my sister gave me when I stepped off the plane. Five years earlier, I would have resented that big-sister superiority which her tone implied. But that day, I understood that it was her way of expressing her happiness upon seeing me. My sister is seemingly cold and sharp-tongued, but she loves much in her own quiet way.

"Quai Lin, I'd like you to meet Steve. Steve, this is my sister, Quai."

My dear sister, I thought to myself, besides having the kindest heart, you also have the finest taste for masculine perfection.

Steve blushing sensed my scrutiny, and said shyly: "Do I meet the requirements?"

"Mmmnn, you sure do!" I answered with the uninhibited frankness that my staid sister always found intolerable.

"I'm taking Mei Ling to meet my parents today, Quai. Would you like to come along?"

"Well . . . I shouldn't . . ." I hesitated, thinking of the unpacking and the settling that had to be done.

"Do come, Quai." This from Mei Ling. Was that note of urgency in her voice the usual fear that prospective daughters-in-law experience on first meeting their in-laws? Or was it the fear that came through an awareness that Steve would be presenting his parents an Oriental as his future wife? I wondered—and went along.

The forced warmth of Mr. Ranier's voice didn't fool anyone, much less himself. Mrs. Ranier was a little better in her lack of pretense. She was cold, definitely, and didn't fail to show it. Seated before the fireplace, I listened silently to that uncomfortable conversation, and smiled wryly at the irony of my position. I had traveled over two thousand miles to tell my sister my parents thought her too good to marry a Caucasian. And here in that lovely colonial-styled living room, Mrs. Ranier was icily demonstrating her belief that Steve was too good for an Oriental—and using every maternal trick to prove it.

"Steve, did you tell her about your plans? I mean about your medicine. You know, Mei Ling, we have rather high hopes for Steve. Both his grandfathers were doctors, and his uncle, my brother Craig, is quite a successful surgeon. It runs in the family, I suppose, and we know Steve can have the same success . . . that is, if nothing happens . . ."

"Now, Mom, you know I gave that idea up long ago. I'm not cut out to be a . . ."

"You were quite serious about it before you met Mei Ling."

"Mei Ling had nothing to do with it, and you know it. What I want to be is merely . . ."

"Oh my goodness! I forgot the tea!" A faint whistling came through the kitchen door.

What cleverness! I thought darkly. The stratagem of a witch.

"Dad, the water's boiling. Would you mind going in and making us some tea?" Mr. Ranier had been sitting and listening quietly, as airtight as a can of Campbell's soup. Henpecked husband, I diagnosed correctly.

"Let me prepare it, Mr. Ranier. If you'll just show me where . . ."

"That's quite all right, Mei Ling. My husband will do it. Orientals make their tea a little too strong for us."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence; then, came my low, clear voice: "My sister makes excellent tea, Mrs. Ranier."

"Why . . .er . . . why, yes, I'm sure she does. Go right ahead, Mei Ling." She smiled her approval with an insincere display of enamel. And with a worried look and a hint of warning in her eyes for me, Mei Ling preceded Mr. Ranier into the kitchen.

She re-entered the living room, just as Mrs. Ranier, with her flair for perfect timing was rhapsodizing about Steve's former girl friend, a certain Thalia Neuschafer.

". . . just perfect for him. Comes from a lovely family, quite well-known here. Her father's a doctor, too. Oh, he just adores Steve. I believe he still hopes Thalia will marry Steve someday."

I was at my kindling point. Steve, evidently, had passed his.

"Mother, I don't know what you're driving at, but I certainly see you've got it in for Mei Ling. I brought her here with every belief that you'd receive her well, and you certainly haven't deserved that trust today."

"Steve . . . don't." There was distress in Mei Ling's eyes, in her voice, in the pressure of her hand on his arm.

At this blast from her only son, Mrs. Ranier used her last and most moving wile. Her voice mounted hysterically, ending brokenly in a burst of tears.

"Steve, you knew what our wishes were. How could you do this to us?"

"Your mother's right, son, the difference is too great."

"Dad! How can you say a thing like that. I . . ."

"Steve, please. It's getting late. We'd better leave."

But Steve wouldn't leave. The argument continued and I stared dumbly at the scene. It was a nightmare I thought possible only in the movies.

Not a word passed among the three of us as we drove away.

Steve's was the silence of anger. Mei Ling's of misery. And mine—, mine was the silence that came with an all-consuming thought. Who was I to judge this latest scene at the Ranier home? Would Steve be received more warmly in my own home? There was no need for an answer. I was certain that his reception would be even more frigid, and his coming welcomed in the tight-lipped fashion of the Chinese.

Steve and Mei Ling met the opposition by marrying without the blessings of either family. The young couple moved out to California, living in a trailer in the desert. We corresponded and my heart both bled and swelled with pride when I saw them at the end of those first two years of struggle and privation. Steve had been working and learning as an apprentice mechanic, my sister was pregnant, expecting a baby sometime in June of 1948. They were still very much in love, but when we three were together, there was never mention of parents or in-laws, although Mei Ling had confided that Steve's parents wrote to him off and on, while our parents never wrote a word.

June came, and with it a special delivery saying, "Keith Keoki Ranier arrived on June 12." I laughed when I saw the "Keoki." My sister had not forgotten her Hawaiian heritage. After Keith's arrival came the following telegram from Pennsylvania, addressed to him: "ASK MOM AND DAD TO FORGIVE. STOP. WE LOVE YOU. STOP. GRANDPARENTS RANIER."

The icy heart of unforgiving parents had melted before the advent of the first grandchild.

Two months of happiness followed; yet not complete happiness; Steve and Mei Ling were always aware that no telegram or letter had come from Keith's grandparents across the ocean. My mother had often told me that the difference between a "haole" and an Oriental was that the Oriental would think twice about leaving his wife and children but a "haole" would leave without a word whenever he felt like it. And I was impressed by the truth of her words when I saw, throughout my youth, the many cases that proved it. But two years of silence on the part of my parents had proved to me another thing. If the "haoles" were noted for their unfaithfulness, the Chinese were equally renowned for their indomitable pride, and I cursed my race for its hardness of heart.

Finally . . . finally . . . that letter came from home. Mei Ling showed it to me ecstatically and for her sake, I smiled when I read the lines written in the familiar half-print handwriting of my father asking pardon and extending an invitation to come home for a visit. But inside, I felt only anger and resentment for the two and a half years of misery they had caused, which a belated apology could not wholly erase. That night, however, while I lay in bed, charity and common sense returned. I had been condemning my parents for their lack of understanding of the question of race, while I myself, had been showing this same lack of understanding of my race.

My parents' view was the product of their upbringing in traditions rooted in antiquity. Theirs was a view shared by most Chinese; in fact, by most Orientals. Theirs was a view shared by many islanders, for whom marriage with a "mainland haole" carried disgraceful implications; the vices that accompany military occupation during war are not quickly forgotten.

I had to forgive my parents, if not through reason, then through my inability to bear a grudge. Mei Ling and Steve seemed to have regained their happiness. They vacationed in Hawaii last spring, and occasionally Grandparents Ranier motor to California for a visit.

OUR DAY

By Maripat Donohue

*Fear, you pursue and then haunt our un-
settled lives.
We watch the wrangling of statesmen, the
call to arm.
Our soldiers waving goodbye to mothers and
wives.
The frantic planning to defend our coast from
harm.
Although no open decision of war was made
(We tell ourselves we're helping a "police
action")
Our long-dreamed-of college and career plans
fade
As we await the latest Kremlin reaction.
Our Lady of Fatima requested Her name
Be honored by our frequent prayer.
The years have passed since Her unheard
message came, . . .
But war threatens—help us to bear our
burdens.
Sanctify our lives, Thou at whose knee,
Happily cuddled the "author of liberty."*

An Hour with Plato

IN COMPANY WITH JOWETT'S TRANSLATION

By Peggy Bradish

As an outsider I am listening in to a conversation between Socrates, Timaeus and Critias, whom Plato tells me are disciples of the great Teacher.

Timaeus prays to the "ancient of days" to enlighten him where he is found to be in error, and also that the truth of the teacher's words may endure forever. Then Critias asks for even greater guidance. He claims that he is in greater need of help and instruction, on the ground that it is easier to speak well of the gods, whom people do not know, than of men whom people do know. He gives an illustration comparing this to a painting. We are satisfied with a picture of divine and heavenly things, which is very little like them; but we are critical of a picture of human things since we are more familiar with them.

Socrates grants the indulgence, and not to have it repeated extends it to Hermocrates. Critias accepts the gods suggested by Hermocrates, but besides them he especially invokes the aid of the goddess Mnemosyne.

The subject under discussion is the war between Athens and Atlantis, which had happened 9,000 years previously. He decides to talk first about Athens. When the gods divided the earth, the land of Attica was given to Hephaestes and Athene, who were brother and sister. They placed in Attica brave children of the soil. The names of these people remain, but their history is lost. Any survivors of the war were so busy supplying their needs that they had little time to record past events and they were soon forgotten.

In those days the men and women were both involved in military pursuits. The country was divided into castes—artisans, husbandmen, and warriors. The warriors were a special class set apart by the divine and they lived by themselves and had common property.

The productiveness of the soil is still equal to that of any country, although the land is a mere skeleton from which the richer and softer parts have been washed away. On the slopes of the hills outside of the Acropolis lived the artisans and husbandmen. On the summit, around the temples of Athene and Hephaestes, the warrior class lived. They had some halls in common and they had modest houses. They used the northren side of the hill during the winters and the southern during the summer. Where the Acropolis

now is there was a fountain. The number of the population was about twenty thousand.

Critias now goes on to describe the character and origin of their adversaries in Atlantis. He explains the occurrence of Greek names given to foreigners, as had been done by the early Egyptians. Atlantis was given to the god Poseidon, who had children by a mortal woman and who settled them in different parts of the island. Poseidon fell in love with Cleito, the only daughter of one of the early men. He surrounded the hill where Cleito lived with alternate zones of sea and land and no man could get to the island since as yet there were no ships. He had five pairs of twin male children and he divided the island of Atlantis into ten portions and made the first born king over the rest. This first king was named Atlas and the island and ocean were called Atlantis after him. Atlas and his heirs retained the kingdom for many generations and they had vast wealth. They had mines, forests, wild and tame animals, fruits and flowers. The earth freely furnished them with blessings.

They built bridges over the zones and a great canal into the innermost zone, which served as a harbor. He describes the set-up and sizes of the zones. All the walls surrounding the zones are variegated in color and appearance. In the center was a temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon. The splendour of Poseidon's own temple was undeniable. They had spacious springs and baths. In the grove of Poseidon there was all types of trees. They had aqueducts, temples, gardens, and docks. Between the outermost wall and the great harbor were the mercantile quarters. The city lay in an oblong plain, surrounded by mountains, which descended abruptly into the sea.

A circular ditch received the streams which came down from the mountains, and they also had cross canals. Twice during a year they harvested. A military group, consisted of 10,000 chariots and 1,200 ships.

Each of the ten kings in his own division had absolute control of the citizens. The order of precedence among them was regulated by the commands of Poseidon, which had been inscribed by the first kings on a pillar of orichalcum, which was situated in the middle of the island in the temple of Poseidon. Every fifth or sixth year the ten kings gathered in the temple of Poseidon, offering sacrifice and prayer. After this they put on azure robes and gave judgments and recorded their decisions on golden tablets.

The kings were not to take up arms against one another but to unite for their mutual defense. They were to deliberate in common about war and they were to give supremacy to the descendants of Atlas.

The virtues of the people of Atlantis were great as long as the divine element lasted; but as the divine element became diluted, too

often, with the mortal, they grew weaker and degenerated. There is an intimation of the overthrow of Atlantis. Zeus, the father of the gods, seeing their state, wanted to chastise them and he gathered all the gods into their most holy habitation and spoke to them as follows: Here the fragments of Critias breaks off. I found this study of mythological origins less appealing than the closing pages of *Phaedo* which follow.

From *Plato I* also learned of the last hour of his great master. He described the scene in a dialogue, called *Phaedo* after a disciple of Socrates who is represented as present on that occasion, and later relating the events to his friend, Echecrates. But first comes a long and elaborate discussion of the immortality of the soul.

The last day of his life Socrates passed in conversation with his most intimate friends. Plato who had heard Socrates' defence, was not present on this occasion, being kept away by illness. In this dialogue he represents *Phaedo* as relating the events of the day to his friend Echecrates. The conversation which *Phaedo* is supposed to report is a long and elaborate discussion of the immortality of the soul.

The actual circumstances of his death which are related in this concluding chapter of the dialogue, Plato must have heard from eyewitnesses and doubtless reports with accuracy. The scene is one of the inimitable masterpieces of literature, and no translation however inadequate can efface its beauty. Words of pathos which stir all hearts are recorded here.

Socrates concluded his fable of the other world. He tells Simmias a man ought to do all in his power to lay hold of virtue and wisdom in his life. Seeing that the soul is immortal, a person should be willing to venture his all on that belief, and he should discourage any doubts. He bade his hearers to be of good hope for, if in this life they have passed by the pleasures of the body, and have longed for the pleasures of knowledge, and has adorned their souls with temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth, they are ready to depart when the fatal summons comes.

Crito asked Socrates if he had no parting command. Socrates replied that he had nothing beyond what he had already said. He bade them take heed for themselves, for by doing this they would be serving him and themselves. Crito asks him what way they should bury him and Socrates replies that they may bury his body, as they wished. He advised Crito to bear the matter more lightly for he himself will not remain after death but will fly away.

And presently the jailor appeared and announced that his time had come. He praised Socrates and called him the noblest and gentlest man who had ever been there, and with that he burst into tears. Socrates chides his friends for weeping, saying that man should die in peace and silence. He orders someone to fetch the

poison and rebukes Crito for bidding him to delay. In delaying the draught he would receive no profit and win only contempt for clinging greedily to a life which was already spent.

The cup was brought, he received it quite cheerfully, asked the gods to grant him a happy journey from this world to the next, and calmly drank it. He then walked about and when his legs grew heavy, he lay down on his back as directed. The man who had given the drink felt his feet and legs from time to time. He asked Socrates if he felt anything and he said no. He was growing cold and rigid. Socrates said he would leave them when the numbness reached his heart. He was beginning to grow cold and drew the mantle over his face. For an instant he drew it aside and reminded Crito to pay Asclepius the cock which he owed him; these were his last words. He made no reply when asked if he had nothing else to say. After a little while there was a movement, and the man uncovered him and found his eyes fixed. So ended the life of the martyr-philosopher of Greece.

LIFE AND SEASONS

By Mary Jane Saul

A SONNET

*In Spring when hearts are light as air
 And life is blooming with the flow'rs,
 We take delight in April show'rs,
 For hearts are light and free of care.
 In Summertime the life is warm,
 The living easy, free, and gay.
 But in a moment Summer's gone.
 The Summer's happy hours are flown
 Like Autumn's leaves now red and brown.
 Our hearts are tossed by winds around
 Till broken they forgotten lie.
 Then Winter's storm brings harshful sting.
 But gentle snows come softly down,
 With mending promise of New Spring.*

St. Justin, the Apologist

By Carol Moore

The title of the *first* great Christian apologist has been accorded to St. Justin, and after reading his *Greater Apology*, I can certainly understand why.

Justin was born in the infant days of the Christian religion. As we have studied, the Christian religion was not readily accepted by the pagans. Martyrdom for Christianity was rampant. At every turn the Christian religion met with some type of persecution. It was a confusing time and most men were in a state of bewilderment—so many philosophies, so many conflicting ideas and systems of religions. Justin too was in the midst of all this confusion. It was not until he was about thirty years of age that he was influenced along Christian lines. He had studied all the current systems of philosophy, but had found no rest for his soul. After reading the Scriptures and observing the fortitude of martyrs, Justin became a Christian.

After his conversion Justin wandered about arguing with Jews and Gentiles for the truth of his new faith. He finally settled in Rome and opened a much-needed school of Christian philosophy. In his *Dialogue With Trypho* he defends the truth of the Christian religion against the Jews, and his two *Apologies* are among the most precious documents of the early Church. These Apologies entail the Christian beliefs.

Before I discuss Justin's *Greater Apology* I would like to incorporate some of my class notes. It was the most interesting to note how "diplomatic" as well as learned Justin was. As I have previously stated, he had studied all systems of philosophy of his time, yet, when he came across and accepted Christianity, he didn't discard his previous learning. He took from pagan philosophies that which was good and true. Thus he avoided dissension and revolt among his contemporaries. He did not condemn early pagan philosophies, but said that those who lived before the Incarnation lived according to reason and the Natural law. By the word "diplomatic" I mean that Justin knew and understood human nature. People resent being told they and their beliefs are all wrong. Justin used the affirmative and pointed out that which was good in previous religions and then he proceeded to illumine the people's minds concerning the Christian religion by constantly reassuring them that many of the truths taught by philosophers and poets of the pagan era were essentially Christian.

In his *Greater Apology*, written in 139 A.D., Justin stressed that in Christianity was found the *fulness* of these truths. Justin addressed this work to the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his two sons. The work is begun with a sort of prologue wherein Justin states his

reasons for writing it. He states that this work contains neither words of flattery or a request for favors, but that the purpose of his petition is to "prove that truth and right are equal for all men, and the demands that all should be treated equally; that the guardians of justice and lovers of wisdom must dispassionately base their judgment on truth, and truth alone, rather than on irrational impulse or evil rumors."

In the sixty-eight chapters of the Apology, Justin treats three important subjects. In chapters one to twenty, he described the principals in his discourse; the state authorities on one side and the Christians on the other. He points out that the precepts of Christ are not impious or unjust ambition, and that Christians do not strive for earthly power, but for a heavenly kingdom. He declares that the charges of atheism, incest, etc., against Christians are untrue and baseless.

Chapters twenty-one to sixty point out the superiority of Christianity over paganism. Justin explains that many principles of the Old Testament were fulfilled by Christ, and proceeds to differentiate between the miracles of Christ and the tricks of the heathen magicians.

Chapter sixty-one to sixty-eight as explanatory of Christian practices, namely, Baptism, Holy Eucharist, fasting, prayers, and care of the less fortunate.

Justin's description of and dissertations on Baptism and Holy Eucharist were most interesting. On the subject of Baptism, Justin explained what the procedure was. He revealed that those (new Christians) who are converted and believe that what is said and taught is the truth, and who pledge themselves to live accordingly are directed to ask God to forgive their past sins. After affirmation to the Christian religion they are baptized in the name of God, the Father and Lord of all, and in the name of Jesus Christ, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and in the name of the Holy Spirit, who predicted everything concerning Jesus through the prophets. The preceding is a little more detailed than our present day Sign Of The Cross, but I guess this form was a more explanatory version. It was interesting to note how we still employ some of it in our Nicene Creed.

Justin's chapter on the Holy Eucharist explains that after a person is baptized, he is led to a place where the brethren are assembled to offer up prayers in common. At the conclusion of the prayers they greet one another with a kiss; then the person presiding takes bread and a chalice containing wine mixed with water, and offers praise and glory to the Father through prayers of thanksgiving to God. These prayers finished, all present say "Amen," to express approval. Everyone present is permitted to partake of the Eucharistic bread and wine and water.

Justin emphasizes that the Eucharist is not ordinary bread or

ordinary drink, but that just as through the word of God, Christ became Incarnate and took flesh and blood, so the food which is the Eucharist is both flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, and that only those who have acknowledged the truth of the teaching, have been cleansed by Baptism, and who regulate their lives upon the principles laid down by Christ, can partake of this Eucharist.

Justin wrote this Apology in a simple, clear style. I feel he did this purposely so that one did not have to be learned to grasp its content and message. Doubtless, he followed Christ's pattern of simplicity in his parables. Though he lived in a perilous age (he died a martyr for his Faith), Justin was fearless. His courage, zeal, and burning love for his Faith are certainly an example for us in our present day pagan world. Rightly deserved is Justin's title of the first great Christian apologist, for through his fervor and writings he helped build the first story of the Church upon the foundation left by Christ and the apostles.

A SONNET

By Babs Burt

*Oh why should all our days be spent
in search of undeserved joys?
In torments grip we've sought these toys:
fruition, rapture, pleasures bent.
It mattered little where we went—
a cavern dark, the light annoys;
an odious deed "Let's have some noise"
Indulge, make waste, seduce, resent.*

*But gnawing grief and wretchedness,
Are these the aims, the "whys" of life
perturbed dreams—all Misery's gifts
or are men made for more, not less?
By service, truth, and prayer that lifts
Good Deeds and God will end our strife.*

Fairy-Tale Flight

By Lillian A. Pereyra

I walked into the Navy office where I was senior yeoman, with nothing more important on my mind than the batch of first-of-the-month reports, so vital to military life, when the other WAVE yeoman who had the advantage of living at the WAVE barracks greeted me with:

"How would you like to fly to Washington, D.C.?"

"Charmed," I responded flippantly, "When do we start?"

"I'm not kidding. The girls say all you have to do is go to Room 1158 in the Navy Building and put your name on a list."

Our executive officer swung around in his swivel chair at the other end of the room. He had red hair, an elfish grin and a heart of gold which three years in a Japanese prison camp had not tarnished. He was a regular Navy man and wise in the ways of Navy "scuttlebutt"; in fact, he was the first of a list of generous people who gave my incident its fairy-tale quality. Looking at us thoughtfully, he said:

"Why don't you look into it? If there is anything to it, I'll see that you get the necessary leave, but I can't let you both go at the same time."

"I have to go down to the Navy Building for our pay checks this morning," I answered, "so I suppose I can look into it."

About three hours later I walked slowly down a long, shiny hall and paused before a door marked 1158 trying hard not to feel foolish. The idea seemed so ridiculous I could not help reddening as I said airily to the girl at the desk:

"Is this where one finds out about joyrides to Washington?"

"Just a moment, please." She disappeared before I could speak again.

Almost immediately she returned and beckoned me into another room where a lieutenant sat with his nose buried in a mimeographed sheet. He laid down the sheet, picked up a pencil, and without any intonation in his voice and without looking up at me said:

"Name and activity."

Habit forced the information out of me before I realized it. He wrote it down on a long sheet of foolscap and spoke again:

"Of course we may not be able to get you on the next flight as the list is quite long, but if you do get on you'll hear in the next day or so."

Then he picked up the mimeographed sheet again and I found my way out into the hall.

Occupied with end-of-the-month and beginning-of-the-month paper work, I forgot all about the incident until the next morning, when, as I entered the office, I was greeted with:

"A call for you from headquarters."

The message was matter of fact. I was to be at the WAVE barracks the next morning at 4:30 ready to fly to Washington, D.C., and with five days' leave.

The office saw little of me that day. I spent hours down at headquarters talking fast and pleadingly to get my leave papers through the same day; I wired a girl friend stationed in Norfolk, asking her to try to spend the day with me; picked up the address of a Washington lady whom my commanding officer's wife had wired to find me a place to stay; and tried to make up my mind what to see.

"Pinch me, Lil, I must be dreaming," came at regular intervals, all the following day, from my seat companion, a regular Navy man who had received his first leave since the war began, and who had expected to waste four days of it traveling across the country. And it was like a dream.

We were flying across country from Oakland, California, non-stop via the southern great circle route to Washington, D.C., aboard a four-engine flag ship as guests of an admiral, who could not see why, once his ship was fully fueled and equipped, the extra allowable weight should not be taken up with Navy personnel, who would like to make the trip.

Dawn had begun to warm the Eastern sky when we took off from Oakland, and I carried with me the memory of the light on the outer edge of Terminal Island driving golden shafts into the still, black water of San Francisco Bay, to match, exactly twelve hours later, the reflection of the lights along the tidal basin of the Potomac River, as we circled over Washington, losing altitude to land.

The intervening twelve hours were like a giant geography lesson, with the continuous panorama of a continent, all of its features blending one into the next, taking shape slowly far ahead of us, passing majestically beneath us, and dissolving into mist behind us. Not once during the day did a cloud come between us and our lesson. The unity and oneness of a great continent were demonstrated, as, to the steady hum of our engines, hills rose slowly up beneath us to become rounded, arid mountains with tiny, frightened clumps of brush huddled in the valleys. Almost without warning the mood of the mountains changed and they became harsh, as they broke into ragged crevices and straight, tall cliffs, which grew long, blue shadows across miles of gray land. Gradually the mountains receded and there came endless stretches of desert land covered with gray brush and occasional dirt roads, running straight as a mapmaker's pencil across the giant circle of land underneath us.

Early in the afternoon the earth became friendly again. Neat, square patches of green began to sprinkle the gray bushes, and, more and more often, at the junction of several such squares, appeared a house; a little later, several houses, and then the great circle beneath us became a patch quilt of different shades of green and different designs, with roads or hedges to mark the edge of each square.

Where the patches were thickest and the squares greenest we crossed what seemed, from the air, as the only true dividing line between two oceans, the Mississippi River. It seemed to lie motionless, an uneven strip of blue-gray silk placed haphazardly across a gay patch work quilt.

On the other side of the river the bright green of cultivated fields blended into the darker green of forests, as mountains began to rise up beneath us again. As dusk fell we were flying over the blue-green pine forests of Tennessee and West Virginia, and beginning to feel our way downward. Moments later as we banked sharply over a bright yellow pattern of lights, a slender white shaft swung into view and almost directly behind it, surrounded by a band of shadows, rose the capitol dome.

At the airport the pieces of the pattern I had hurriedly snatched together in San Francisco, formed themselves with magical smoothness into a picture of two perfect days endowed with a fairytale quality. The lady whose address I had, turned out to be a Virginian with a southern sense of hospitality. 'My girl friend came with a fiance, a car, and a desire of her own to "see" Washington. We stood silently before the original Declaration of Independence, lost each other in the Smithsonian Institute, felt the indescribable awe of the Lincoln Memorial, and saw the unity of a nation in the names on the tombstones in Arlington National Cemetery.

I explored the Hall of Fame, where an incongruous Huey Long stands among great American statesmen, and I caught my breath when I found Father Serra in a corner there. The afternoon sun, shining through a small window high in the dome, spotlighted him in a bright circle of color which gave his uncovered head a halo and underlined each soft fold of his Franciscan robe.

The following day I spent an hour in the visitor's gallery of the House of Representatives, and was bewildered and dismayed at the casualness with which the governing of a nation is treated. No one listened to anyone's speeches. In fact, it was even hard to hear the speakers because of the steady murmur arising from the many little groups of persons talking among themselves. Suddenly, a middle-aged man in a neat gray double-breasted suit took hold of the microphone and, after identifying himself as a representative from Milwaukee, delivered a short, angry speech denouncing the high-pressured tactics of lobbyists. At the same time he waved in

the air a fistful of letters purporting to be from voters but showing evidence of having all been written by the same person. Forgetful of where I was, and delighted at being able, both to follow his speech and sympathize with it, I gleefully applauded as hard as I could, only to have a guard tap me on the shoulder.

"Demonstrations are not allowed in the visitor's gallery, Miss. I should really ask you to leave." Here he glanced at my uniform, "but please don't do it again."

Crushed, I looked hopefully for some reaction from the floor of the House, but nobody paid the slightest attention to the speaker, and after awhile I left, glumly wondering how democracy could function in such chaos.

My spirits revived that afternoon as I bought a ticket for a tour to Mount Vernon. The bus drove through Georgetown and Alexandria, ancient historical towns, and then followed the Potomac River through the still-wintery Virginia landscape out to Mount Vernon. The day was warm and sunny, and the cherry blossoms were beginning to show. The feeling of spring with its accompanying sense of promise for the future, together with the strong sense of the past, which is so much a part of Washington's beautifully-kept estate, obliterated the present and made me feel as if I had caught the essence of a nation's greatness. The feeling stayed with me as I wandered through Martha Washington's box hedge maze, stood on the porch of the old colonial house to watch the Potomac moving slowly through the placid country, and followed the path down from the house into a little group of trees where I found Washington's tomb, sheltered and peaceful, as if unaware of the turbulence and might of the country which had grown up around it.

American history became real; words, descriptions, and pictures became facts; symbols and traditions grew in depth and perspective during my forty-eight-hour fairy tale tour of Washington, D.C.

At exactly eight o'clock that evening, as the warm-up roar of the four engines quieted into the steady drone, which would carry us back across a nation, I curled up wearily in my seat inexpressively richer because of a flight arranged by fairy godfathers, in navy blue.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Mary Philipps (an alumna)

*Madonna,
Whose steps are lilies by a stream,
Whose words are stars set in a morning sky,
Whose eyes are violet dreams that hold the Christ—
And all in Him—and Him in all;
Whose dreams are but fair fragments
Of far angels' song in Bethlehem—
Song that echoes Peace and Love,
Love and Peace. . . .
Madonna, hear our cry
Mingled with the mighty sob of all the poor,
The outcast, the down-trodden, the exploited
Grant us Peace!*

*But Peace is valiant, Mary,
And few are brave enough to dare to love.
Hate seems a quicker way—
A surer remedy for sundry ills—
So the life of man is Hate;
And the dream of man is War;
And the wealth of man is Greed;
And the pride of man is Arms;
And the flower of man is Dust
On a war-torn hill.
But the heart of man is lost—
The gift of God is lost—
And the guerdon of Hate is Hate.*

*Through air so thick with battle smoke—
Who can see
The Christ Who hangs upon a Tree?
Through blood and bitterness,
Who can see
His Brother writhe on Calvary?
Or know Humanity to be the fragile guise
Christ takes to walk this earth.*

*Unblind us, Mary, lest we lose our way!
Lead us to Christ—His Peace—His Love—today!*

The School Word

By Carla Wright

Hey there, Guardian Angel, I'm Emma Sue. Remember me? Just where were you today? Didn't you remember that this was to be my first day at school? You must have been around somewhere when we bowed our heads over the long brown table while Pa asked blessing from heaven upon our day's work. Did you forget to take the message up there to God, or did you forget me for a while? At any rate, I'm afraid that I've made a terrible sin, and I'll just have to ask you to explain to God the best you can about it.

In case you slept late or something this morning, I'll tell you the main parts so that you can explain truthful-like. You know that every morning since just forever Ma has woven a story for me around a special new word. It's like a birthday present, except it's for every day. That is how I met you, dearest Angel, and God, and Abraham Lincoln, and so many more wonderful people and things. Anyway, this morning Ma told me that I was to bring her a gift-word from school in exchange for each of her stories. She told me that this would help her education, for she doesn't go to school any more. I understood the reason too. I'd played in the empty school room on the hill, and I remembered how small those old desks were; much too small for Ma. Yes, indeed, I'd have to help her education.

It was still early when Ma kissed me goodbye, and told me to find a good story for my first gift word to her. But since our old school had closed, I had to walk all the way into city school, and I didn't always walk very fast, especially not to school.

All the way down the path I kept looking back to Ma waving from the door. We both pretended that we weren't scared, but my knees were awful wobble-wogs, and Ma's shoulders shook quite a bit. I almost went back to tell her that I was a big girl, and that she shouldn't worry. But my legs had trouble enough going straight ahead; so I just waved.

When I came in the school yard I heard the bong of the big old bell. Someone told me to go to the room with the big "one" on its door. I went through the door into the large room. Why weren't you there to guide me to the far back desk instead of that awful big front one? Hadn't you ever been to school either, Angel dear? They all surely did laugh when teacher sent me back to the cracked, tippy desk in the far corner of the room. It didn't bother me, though. I laughed with them. Ma had said that they were going to be my new friends, and she always said that a good laugh helped start off a good friendship. But when someone tied my braids to the back of my chair so that I couldn't rise to recite my ABC's, I couldn't laugh as hard as they did. I even thought some mean thoughts. I

didn't say a word though, not a word. Be sure to tell God that I didn't say anything bad to them.

It was pretty bad all morning; not at all like the fun Ma promised me. The boys stared at me and made ugly faces, and the little girls turned their blue eyes straight away from me. Pretty soon my smile got stiff and seemed stuck to me. But I kept the firm smile on my face until the recess bell rang.

They ran when I went toward them in the play-yard. Only one group stood still. I thought at first that they would talk to me; so I walked closer. They were listening to Sally, a pretty blond girl who wore a fluffy-ruffy pink dress. I heard first her excited voice; then the strange words. She was telling them that her mother had told her that if she touched me, or anything I touched, her hands would become as black as mine. When I was closer I tried to explain that I was black all through, except for my teeth of course; and that just last night Ma had scrubbed me so hard that none of me could possibly come off on anyone. But they only ran away to tell the other kids of the New Danger.

I don't suppose that it was their fault. My hands were darker than Sally's were, and I couldn't explain to them when they always ran away. I sat and watched their busy games for a few minutes; then I looked around the yard. It must have been the old devil that made me see the water fountain in the empty inner yard. I walked up to it, and slowly turned the shiny handle. Little sprays of water bubbled up to wink and laugh at me. I turned it twice, on and off, on and off. It was great fun. I heard Sally's scream just as I bent down to catch the pretty bubbles. I looked up into many angry eyes. Above them all flashed the eyes of my new teacher. She put her arm around Sally as she told me to leave the purty-spurty thing, and return to the classroom.

I went away from their glaring eyes and jeering voices. I understood then why Sally screamed. She wouldn't touch the faucet handle until someone wiped it off. She was afraid that her hand would turn black from me. But why was she crying, Angel mine? I had two black hands, and arms, and legs, and feet too.

Only the tears that suddenly burst from my eyes were white. They were white as Sally's, and they hurt as much. What was the hardest, though, was the word, my first new school word. It had struck out at me from teacher's mouth when she told me that she'd have no more to do with me, no more at all. I forgot some of her words, but not that one. It stuck on me like the burrs from the sticky bushes in the far back field of our place. It stung and pricked, but I could not shake it off. That must have been why I cried. Tell God that I'm little, not eight until next June, and that I cried because of the word, not because I wanted pink skin and yellow curls like Sally, only because of the stinging word.

I left the school after that. I couldn't hear that word again, or have them see me cry. So I just walked up the road, all the way up the road, away from them and their new words, back to Ma, her words, and you, Angel friend.

When I came to our road I didn't go right home. Instead I went down to talk to Puffy, the old green frog. You know him. I introduced you to him last Saturday when we went fishing. Sure enough, he was there waiting for me. I guess that he forgot that Monday is a school day. He is getting old now, and his memory must be slipping. At any rate, he was sitting there on his big green lily pad telling all of his polywog grandchildren about the little bugs and big fishes that live with them in our pond. I leaned over the edge of the pond to pat the frog's warty back. When my reflection fell on the wiggly polywogs they dissolved in my darkness. But when I drew back they were there still swimming about. They didn't run from me. It must have been the fact that they are black as I am that made them understand.

Of course, it is different for them. Someday they will lose their tails and skin, and grow green as Puffy, and own a special lily-pad all their own. I knew that I would never turn green like him, nor white like Sally. My new word told me so. My ugly new word said, "Never, never."

Suddenly Puffy croaked at me. I had forgotten to bring him one of the blue flies that I always caught for him. I first told him that I was sorry for forgetting; then I told him about the new word that I had to take to Ma. He gave me a look that clearly meant that neither the fly, nor the word, nor my black hands mattered to him at all. We were still friends. Then he swelled up great big and said, "Chugg-a-summ." I understood what he meant. He had found a new word for me to take to Ma, and I ran to the house with it warm in my hand.

It was afternoon by then, and Ma didn't ask about the early time. Worry wrinkles pulled at her eyes as she looked at my rumpled dress and dirty face. I told her that I'd been playing on the way home; for I had been playing with Puffy. Then she asked for my gift-word.

Now here comes the sin part. Do listen closely. This is partly your fault, you know. If you'd been there you might have found a way to keep from hurting Ma without such a sinful lie. Anyway, this is how it happened.

When Ma asked me for my word story, about my first new school word, I told her that teacher had taught us about love, which was a word that meant that we could all work and play together without anyone's outside color rubbing off. Brown, white, or even green we could love each other and still keep our own color. Only our inside goodness and kindness could be shared, and these additions made

all people even nicer. Love wasn't meant to make white skin, but white souls. So that our new word, love, made everyone prettier inside, where it counts.

Ma smiled at my story, which Puffy had really given me. I never could fool her. There were even then tiny, misty tears in her eyes. She knew that I'd cried at school, and come home early, and I guess that she knew why. Perhaps you or someone else came and told her the first word, for she seemed to know that too. She must have also known about the sinful lie that I made to her by talking about Puffy's word as teacher's. Ma hates sin, but instead of a scolding she gave me a hug and sent me outside with a cookie.

That is why I decided to talk to you. If you'll ask God to understand just how it was, and maybe make Ma feel happy again, I'd surely thank you very much. I'll even leave you all of my cookie if you do a good job.

Oh, yes, you can tell God the school word, if you think that it will help, 'cause I'd not have Him upset with me for anything. Anyway, it's . . . it's "NIGGER" . . . , and it means me, Emma Sue.

NIGHT BEFORE PROJECT

By Jackie Herman

*'Twas the night before project was due to come in,
And the lights in my boudoir were hardly called dim.
A notebook was placed on the dresser with care,
And papers were scattered from table to chair
The typewriter buzzed through the dark of the night,
While the radio blared to our neighbor's delight.
As the hours grow longer, you call it a night,
And hope SHE won't notice you're one poem light.
With your hour of sleep vanished and gone all too soon,
You struggle to school, and into that room.
As the books are turned in, and inspected with care,
You promise the next time there'll be time to spare.
So you sleepily leave at the sound of the bell,
With another assignment, and shrugging "Oh, well!"*

The Service Professions

By Monica Gosnell

Social workers and nurses are among those professional persons concerned with human affairs; consequently their training consists largely in the studies that have man as their object. The educators of social workers and nurses, such as Esther Lucille Brown and Father Levesque, O.P. (whose ideas have been quoted herein), have become more and more determined in what they require of their students to realize their aims. They believe that this can be accomplished in a planned sequence of study. Since any academic education rests on a certain number of fundamental assumptions concerning the essence of man, his duty to others, and of his relationships with the invisible universe beyond us as well as the nature of his mind, of his soul, and of his destiny, one of the chief purposes of any sound academic education should be to make these assumptions more explicit and to relate them in a coherent body of thought. Students in the service professions, as in any body of study, should be firm in their scale of ethical values and have a sound philosophical basis upon which to depend. Since, in the service professions we will be expected to interpret other people's behavior we must first be in a position to reorient them along morally responsible lines.

Since ethical disciplines provide us with the general principles of human behavior the great bulk of our fascinating knowledge concerning human social life is provided for us by the positive social sciences which offer the generalization necessary for the interpretation of concrete human situations. Courses in history, economics, sociology, psychology, and political science should be included in the education for social workers, and for nurses, to help them understand "the whole man, not just the sick man," for that man will eventually be able to live in society and he must be equipped to cope with the everyday problems he will meet. The professional person must be familiar with the concepts of sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists concerning man's activities among his fellows, how groups are organized, and exactly what the individual derives from these groups. He must consider economics to understand the practicality of budgets, accounts, production, distribution, and consumption, to understand the economic pressures bearing on family life and the resulting effect on its individual members. History will give the professional person an insight into many of the problems of the members of minority groups he will meet. In these fields philosophy will form a chain of absolute truths, answering in one field the problems found in another. Philosophy, as the integrating principle in our courses of studies will help us now to become socially responsible women of the future, if we now assume school and community obligations. It is the aim of a liberal arts college such as Mt. St. Mary's to provide for students this philosophy which will be a clear cut path to God and will help us in our work of Catholic action.

Alumnae News

Among our Alumnae who welcomed new additions to their families we note: To *Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Patterson* (Dolores Bowler) a son Thomas Doyle Patterson; to *Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lady* (Dorothy Shevlin) a daughter, Linda Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Talafas* (Kay Hogan) a daughter, Theresa Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stoeffler* (Gloria Nitrini) a son, Richard Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Cooley (Frances McDermott) have adopted a baby boy, William Reginald, as a companion for their beautiful little adopted daughter, Patsy.

Dolores Bowler (Mrs. Richard Patterson) brought her two months old son from Virginia to show him to her mother who is ill. She also introduced him to friends at the Mount. Kathleen Regan accompanied them, helping Dolores with the splendid baby.

Now that the three children of *Mary Sibilio Frary* are in school, their mother has resumed her studying for a Master's degree with an English major.

Mary McCarthy is now living in Los Angeles, engaged in secretarial work for Msgr. Clark at the Borromea Guild. The healthful climate of Tucson and the invigorating interest and affection of her classmates of the Mount helped Mary toward a rapid recovery of her health.

Through the courtesy of *Mrs. Margaret Half Stormer* the faculty and students enjoyed scenes from several operas prepared and staged by Dr. Jan Popper in his workshop in opera at U.C.L.A. These were given in the Mount's Little Theatre.

On February 23 at a nuptial Mass in St. Boniface Church in Anaheim *Marianne De Coursey* was married to James Joseph Stehley. *Mrs. John E. Sinsky* (Regina De Coursey) was matron of honor, while two other alumnae were bridesmaids, *Alice Kraemer* and *Betty Knieriem*. The third bridesmaid was *Jane Stehley*, sister of the groom and a freshman at the Mount. Marianne and Jeanelle McDonald Stehley are now sisters-in-law.

Miss Mary Alice Connors '51 has received an appointment from the State Department as a Foreign Secretary. After three months training she will be assigned to foreign duty.

Mrs. Richard Mathison (Peggy Kiefer) has been appointed by Mount St. Mary's as its publicity director. All college publicity—clubs, organizations, etc.—will be channeled through Mrs. Mathison, whose phone number is Granite 0302.

Our Alumnae President, *Helen Shindel Pickett*, should be gratified by the success of a pet project, the district meetings, organized

to knit members into a closer friendship, and also add to the endowment fund. To date, *Bernice Long* has entertained at her home the West Los Angeles group on January 12. On January 25, the Bay Area, Long Beach group, met for luncheon at the Portuguese Bend Club. On February 24, *Mrs. Gertrude Long Clyne* entertained the Santa Monica group, and for St. Patrick's Day, the San Gabriel Valley group planned a tea in the home of Mrs. Frank Verbech, mother of *Colette Regan*. Colette (Mrs. Paul Regan) is chairman of District Representatives.

A recent visitor to the Mount was *Mrs. Emerson* (Mary Helen Bryan) and her little 22 months old daughter Elaine. Other visitors included *Gertrude Buckland* and *Mary Jane Turner*, both of whom have been working at the Veterans' Administration in Long Beach. Miss Buckland has been advanced to the position of assistant supervisor of the Medical Ramp. Miss Turner has been promoted to the position of Head Nurse. Both of these alumnae attended the National Convention of Catholic Nurses, May 1-4 at Cleveland, Ohio. At this convention, *Estelle Mann* presided as President.

Mrs. Irene Gardner (Irene Leveille) writes the following important communication motivated by her interest in her ALMA MATER:

3-3-52

DEAR SISTER GERTRUDE JOSEPH,

Will you give these announcements to all the girls who may be interested in any phase of Social Welfare Work? We need good policewomen very badly, as Juvenile Delinquency, in a city the size of Los Angeles, is a constant problem. In addition, we have the DAP program which needs young women to be leaders of teen-age groups. Your seniors may be a little young to meet the requirement; however, your recent graduates may be looking for a change. Although only a high school diploma has been required, the majority of the police women of the Los Angeles Police Department have a college education.

As you know I have been a policewoman for eight years, and that is one of the reasons that I just haven't found time to get out to the college as often as I would like to, especially to see you. I hear from Bernadette occasionally; however, she is busy also. My two little girls are starting school and so far appear to be able to keep up with the Kindergarten class. Maybe they'll get to Mt. St. Mary's one of these days.

Sincerely,

IRENE LEVEILLE GARDNER
210 Sequoia Dr.
Pasadena 2, Calif.

A richly deserved award came to one of our members, *Mrs. K. C. Clem* (Tillie Pellegrin) when on April 27, the Magnificat Medal was conferred on her by Mundelein College, as the outstanding alumna of the year. This award was established in 1947 in honor of His Eminence George C. Cardinal Mundelein.

This year's choice marks the first time that an Alumna of a western college has received the medal. Outstanding qualities in domestic, social, and leadership in Diocesan affairs, are investigated before a choice is made, and this choice reflects credit both on the recipient and her Alma Mater. Tillie has always given her unswerving love and loyalty to Mount Saint Mary's, and her fellow alumnae members rejoiced with her on this occasion.

Dr. and Mrs. Clem flew to Chicago, to Mundelein, as the recipient must accept the medal in person. Later they plan a two months vacation in Europe, during July and August, with a London Dental Congress in early July, followed by visits to European spots of historic and scenic interest. High lights will be the visit to Rome, with an audience with the Holy Father, then a few days in the country of Tillie's ancestors, with relatives, living in Italy at the foot of the Swiss Alps.

The party will include Dr. and Mrs. Clem and their two young daughters, aged eleven and twelve years of age. This last item appears in the future tense, as it was still in the future when "INTER NOS" copy was due at the printers.

On Sunday, March 30, fifty two members spent a day of recollection at The Mount. Rev. Father Ignatius, O.D.C., conducted the exercises, which commenced with Mass at 9:30 and closed with Benediction at 4:00. Three conferences were given, in addition to the practical and devotional exhortation delivered during the Mass.

Arlene Russie again gave generously of her beautiful voice, in the rendition of the Stabat Mater, sung this year at St. Mary's Academy, by the college Choral Group. Arlene was the only Alumna participating.